Here after fo-
loweth a litle boke
whyche hathe to
name, whye come
ye not to Courte.
Compyled by may-
ster Skelton Po-
ete Laure-
ate.

1555.

Obit 1529.

D 916 f 4

¶ Al noble mē of this take hede and beleue it as your Crede.

TO hastye of sentence
To scarce for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in neglygence
To slacke in recompence
To haut in excellence
To lyght intellygence
And to lyght in credence
Where these kepe resydence
Reason is banyshed thence
And also dame prudence
Wyth sober pacyence
All noble men. &c.
Than wythout collusyon
Marke well thys conclusion
Through such abusion
And by such illusyon
Unto great confusyon
A noble man may fall
And hys honoure appall
And if ye thynke thys shall
Not rubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyl take all. &c.
Hec vates ille, de quo loqūtur in ille

Cwhy come ye not to court?
For age is a page
For the court full vnmeete
For age cannot rage
Nor basse her sweete sweete
But whan age seeth that rage
Dothe aswage and refrayne
Than wyll age haue a corage
To come to court agayne
But
Helas, rage ouerage
So madly decayes
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age graunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in a terage
Doth renne lamentably.
So
That rage must make pillage
To catche that catche may
And wyth such forage
Hunte the boskage
That

that hartes wyl runne awaye
Bothe Hartes and hindes
With all good mindes
Farewell, than haue good day

Than haue good day a dewe
For defaute of refcewe
Some men may happely rewe
And they heades mewe
The time dothe faste enfewe
That dales begin to brewe
I drede by fwete Jefu
This tale wyl be to trewe
In fayth dicken thou crewe.

In fayth dicken, thou crewe. &c.

Dicken, thou crewe doutles
For truelye to expreffe
There hath be much excefs
With banketyng brayneleffe
With ryotyng recheles
With gambaudyng thryftles
With fpend, and waffe wetles

Treating of truce restlesse
Prating for peace peaceles
They countryng at Cales
Wrange vs on the wales
Chefe Councelour was careles
Grompyng grouchyng graceles
And to none entent
Our talwod is al brent
Our fagottes are al spent
We may blow at the cole
Our mare hath cast her fole
And mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do therto
An end of an old song
Do right and no wrong
As right as a rammes horne
For thrift is thede bare worne
Our shepe are shrewdlye shorne
And trouthe is al to torne
Wisdom is laught to scorne
Fauel is false for sworne
Fauel is nobly borne
Fauel and Haruy hafter

Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter
We shal heare more hereafter
With pollyng and shauynge
With borowyng and crauyng
With reuing and rauing
With lweating and staring
There dayleth no reasonyng
For wyl doth rule al thing
wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
He ruleth alway syl
Good reason and good skyl
They may garlicke pyl
Cary sackes to the mil
Or pescoddes they may shil
Or els go rolle a stone
There is no man but one
That hath the strokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he dothe is right
As right as a Cammocke croked
Thys bil wel ouer loked
Clerely perceiue we may
There went the hare away

the hare, the Fox the Gray
the hart, the hinde, the bucke
God send vs better lucke.

¶ God sende vs better lucke. &c

Twit Andrew, twit Scot
Ge heme, ge scour thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
We shall haue a tot quot
From the Pope of Rome
to weaue all in one lome
A webbe of Lylse wulce
Opus male dulce
the deuill kisse his eule
For whiles he doth rule
All is warse and warse
the deuyl kysse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It can not be much worse
From Baumberow to bothābar
we haue cast vp oure war
And made a worthy truse
wyth gup leuel suse

Our

Our mony madly lent
And more madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went?
From winchelsy to Rye
And all not worthe a flye
From wentbridge to Hull
Our army waxeth dull
With turne all home agayne
And neuer a scot slayne
yet the good Erle of Surray
the french men he doth fray
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he maye
the frenche men he hath fainted
And made their herts attainted
Of cheualry he is the flour
Our Lord be his succoure
the french men he hath so mated
And their courage abated
that they are but halfe men
Like fores in their den
Like cankerd cowardes all

Lyke heons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cokoldes

¶ But yet they ouer shoote vs
With crownes and with scutus
with Scutes & crownes of gold
Indede we are bought and solde
It is a wonders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the Cardinals hat
They shote all at that
Out of their stronge townes
Thei shote at him with crownes
With crownes of gold enblased
They make him so amased
And his eyen so dased
That he ne see can
To know God nor man
He is set so hye
In his Jerarchy
Of frantike frenesy
And folysh fantasy

That

That in the chambre of ſters
Al matters there he mars
Clapping his rod on the borde
No man dare ſpeake a word
For he hath all the ſaying
Without any renaying
He rolleth in his recordes
He ſayth, how ſay ye my lordes?
Is not my reaſon good
Good eum good Robin hood
Some ſay yes. And ſome
Sit ſtyll as they were dome
Thus thwarting ouer thome
He ruleth al the roſte
With bragging and with boſte
Borne vp on euery ſide
With pompe and with pryde
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame Philargerya
Hath ſo his hart in hold
He loueth nothyng but gold
And Aſmodeus of hel
Waketh his membres ſwel

With Dalyda to mell
That wanton damsell

A dew Philosophia
A dew theologia
Welcome dame Simonia
With dame Castrimergia
to drynke and for to eate
Sweet Ipocras & swete meate
to kepe his flesche chaste
In lente for a repaste
He eateth Capons stewed
Felaunt, and Partriche mewed
Hennes, chickins and pigges
He foynes and he frigges
Spareth neither mayd ne wyfe
this is a postels life
Helas my hart is sory
to tel of vayne glory
But now vpon this story
I wyl no further time
tyl another time
Tyl another time.

what

What newes what newes
Small newes the true is
That be worth two kues
But at the naked stewes
I vnderstande howe that
The sygne of the Cardynall hat
That Inne is now shit vp
With gup whore gup, nowe gup
Gup Gilliam Trauillian
With iast you I say Julian
Wyl ye beare no coles
A mainy of marefoles
That occupy their holes
Full of pocky moles.
What heare ye of Lancashire
They were not payd theyr hyre
They are fell as any fyre
What heare ye of Cheshyre
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
Theyr wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afrayde
Of the Scottish hoste

For

For all their crake and boste
Wilde fire and thunder
For all this worldly wonder
A hundred myle a sunder
They were whan they wer nere
That is a true text
What heare ye of the scottes
They make vs all sottes
Poppyng lolyshe dawes
They make vs to pyll strawes
They play their old prankes
After huntly bankes
At the streme of Banokes burne
They did vs a shrewde turne
Whan Edward of Karnaruan
Lost all that his father wan

What here ye of the lord daker
He maketh vs Jacke rakers
He sayes we are but crakers
He calleth vs Englandmen
Stronge harted lyke an hen
For the scottes and he

To wel they do agree
with do thou for mee
And I shal do for thee
whiles the red hat doth endure
he maketh him self cocke sure
The red hat with his lure
Wyngeth al thinges vnder cure
But as the world now goose
what heare ye of the Lord Rose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly fose
Their hertes be in their hose
The Erle of Northumberland
Dare take nothing on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mouse hole they wold
Runne away and creep
Like a mainy of sheep
Dare not loke out a dur
For drede of the mayster cur
For drede of the bouchers dog
wold worry them like an hog
For and this curre do gnar

they

They muſt ſtande all a far
To holde vp their hand at ȳ bar
For all their noble bloude
He pluckes them by the hood
And ſhakes them by the eare
And bryng them in ſuch feare
He bayteth them lyke a beare
Lyke an oxe or a bul
Their wittes he ſayth are dul
He ſayth they haue no brayne
Their eſtate to maintaine
And make to bowe their knee
Before his maieſtee.

¶ Iudges of the kinges lawes
He countes them foles & dawes
Sergeauntes of the coyfe eke
He ſayeth they are to ſeke
In pleating of their caſe
At the commune place
Or at the kinges benche
He wringeth the ſuch a wrenche
That al our learned men

Dare

Dare not let theyr penne
To plete a true tryall
Within weſtminſter hall
In the chaũcery where he ſittes
But ſuche as he admittes
None ſo hardy to ſpeake
He ſayth, thou huddy peake
Thy learning is to lewd
Thy tounge is not well thewd
To ſeeke before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues
And cãlles them cãkerd knaues
Thus to pally he doth deale
Under the kinges brode ſeale
And in the checker he thẽ checks
In ỹ ſter chãbre he nods & becks
And beareth him there ſo ſtout
That no man dare rout
Duke, Earle, Baron, nor Lord
But to his ſentence muſt accord
Whether he be knight or ſquyer
All men muſt folow his dyre

What say ye of the scottish king
That is another thing
He is but an yongling
A tall worthy striplyng
her is a whispyng & a whipling
He should be hither brought
But and it were well sought
I trow all wil be nought
Not worth a shittel cocke
Nor worth a soure calstocke

There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany
That of should go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland oures
the mayntenaunce of two houres
But as some men sayn
I drede of some false trayn
Subtelly wrought shalbe
Under a fained treate
But within monethes three
Men may happely see

The

The trechery, and the pranckes
Of the Scottishe bankes
What heare ye of Burgonios
And the Spanyardes Onions?
They haue slain our Englishmē
Aboue three score and ten
For al your amitee
No better they agree
God saue my Lord Admirel
What heare ye of Muttrel?
There wyth I dare not mel
Yet what heare ye tell
Of our graund counsel?
I could say some what
But speake ye no more of that
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
For than thyne head of gose
Of by the hard arse
But there is some trauars
Betwene some and some
That makes our sire to glum
It is some what wrong

That his berde is so long
He mourneth in blacke clothing
I pray god saue the king
Where euer he go or ride
I pray God be his gide
Thus will I conclude my stile
And fall to rest a whyle

¶ And so to rest a while. &c.

ONce yet agayne
Of you I wold fraine
Why come ye not to court
To which court?
To the kinges court
Or to hampton court?
Nay to the kinges court
The kinges court
Should haue the excellence
But hampton court
Hath the preeminence
And yorkes place
With my Lordes grace
To whose magnificence

I

As all the confluence
Sutes and supplications
Embassades of all nacyons
Straw for law can on
Or for the law common
Or for lawe ciuill
It shall be as he wyll
Stop at law tancrete
In obstract or a concrete
Be it soure be it sweete
His wisdome is so discrete
That in a lume or an hete
Warden of the flete
Set him fast by the fete
And of his royal poure
Whan him list to loure
Than haue him to the toure
Saunz aulter remedy
Haue him forth by and by
To the marshalsy
Or to the kinges benche
He diggeth so in the trench
Of the court royall

That

That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And suche sleightes dothe kynde
That the kinges mynde
Syhim is subuerted
And so streatly coarted
In credensing his tales
That all is but nutshales
That any other sayth
He hath in hym such faith

Now, yet al this myght be
Suffred and taken in gree
If that, that he wrought
To any good end wer brought
But all he bryngeth to nought
By God that me deare bought
He beareth the king on hand
That he must pyl his land
To make his cofers rych
But he layeth al in the dyche
And vseth such abusion
That in the conclusion

All commeth to confusyon
Perceiue the cause whye
to tell the trouth plainlye
he is so ambicious
So shameles, and so vicious
And so supersticious
And so much obliuious
From whens that he came
that he falleth into Acisiam
Which truely to expresse
Is a forgetfulnes
Or wylful blindnes
Wherwith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sightes
The gommorians also
were brought to deadly wo
As scripture recordes
A cecitate cord is
In the latyn synge we
Libera nos domine
But this mad Amalecke
Like to Amamelek
he regardeth Lordes

No more than pot shordes
he is in suche elacion
Of his exaltacion
And the supportacion
Of our soueraine Lorde
That God to recorde
he ruleth al at wyl.
Without reason or skyl
howbe it they be prymordyal
Of hys wretched orygynall
And his base progeny
Ane his gresy genealogy
he came of the fanke roial (stal
that was cast oute of a bouchers

¶ But howe euer he was borne
Men would haue the lesse scorn
If he could consyder
his byrth and rowme together
And call to his mynde
how noble and how kinde
To hym he hath founde
Our souerayne lord, chief groūd

of

Of all thys prelacy
And set hym nobly
In great auctho̅rite
Out from a low degre
Which he can not see
For he was parde
No doctor of Dsuinitie
Nor doctor of the law
Nor of none other law
But a pore maister of arte
God wot had little part
Of the Quatrmials
Nor yet of trimials
Nor of philosophye
Nor of philology
Nor of good policy
Nor of Astronomy
Nor acquainted worth a fly
With honourable haly
Nor with royall Ptholomy
Nor with Albumasar
To treate of any star
Fyrt or els mobil

hys

His latin tounge dothe hobbyl
He doth but clout and cobbel
In tullis faculti̇e
Called humanitie
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no man can him amend
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Wel ſighted, when
He is amonge blynd men.

¶ Than our proces for to ſtable
this man was ful vnable
to reche to ſuch degree
had not our Prince be
Royall henry the eyght
take him in ſuch conceyte
th at he ſet him on heyght
In exemplyfieng
Great Alexander the king
In writing as we finde
Which of his royal minde
And of his noble pleaſure

tran

Transcending out of measure
Thought to do a thyng
That pertayneth to a kyng
to make vp one of nought
And made to him be brought
A wretched poze man
Which his liuing wan
With planting of Leekes
By the dayes and by the weekes
And of this poze vassal
He made a kyng royal
And gaue him a realme to rule
that occupyed a showel
A mattoke, and a spade
Before that he was made
A kyng, as I haue told
And ruled as he wold
Such is a kynges power
to make within an hower
And worke such a miracle
that shalbe a spectacle
Of renowme and worldly fame
In likewise now the same

Cardinal

Cardinall, is promoted
yet with lewd condicions noted
As hereafter bene noted
Presumpcion and vain glorye
Enuy, wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slouthfull to do good
Now frantike, now starke wode
Shuld this man of such mode
Rule the swerde of myght
how can he do right
For he wyll as soone smight
his freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe a go

Set vp a wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly
Make him a great estate
And he wyl play checke mate
With royall maiestee
Count him self as good as he
A prelate potenciall
To rule vnder Bellyall

As

As fierce and as cruell
As the feende of hel
His seruauntes menyal
He dothe reuile and bzall
Lyke Mahound in a play
No man dare him with say
He hath dispight and scozne
At them that be wel bozne
He rebukes them and rayles
Ye hozsons, ye vassayles
ye knaues, ye churles sonnes
ye ribauds, not wozthtwo plūms
ye rainbeaten beggers retagged
ye rectrayed ruffins all ragged
With stoupe thou hauel
Renne thou iauel
Thou peuish pie pecked
Thou losel long necked
Thus daily they be decked
taunted and checked
That thei are so wo
they wot not whether to go.
No mā dare come to the speche

Of

Of this gentel Jacke breche
Of what estate he be
Of spiritual dignitye
Nor duke of hye degree
Nor Marquis, Earle, nor Lord
Which shrewdly doth accord
Thus he borne so base
All noble men should out face
His countinaunce lyke a kayser
My Lord is not at layser
Syr ye must tary a stound
Tyl better layser be found
And syr, ye must daūce attēdaūce
And take pacient sufferaunce
For my Lordes grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speake with you, as yet
And thus they shal syt
Chuse them syt or flit
Stand, walke, or ride
And his laiser abide
Parchaunce half a yere
And yet neuer the nere

This

This daungerous dowsiperes
Like a kinges pere
And within this .xvi. yere
He wold haue ben right fayn
To haue ben a chaplayn
And haue taken right great paine
With a poore knight
What so euer he hight
The chefe of his own counsel
They can not wel tell
Whan they with him should mel
He is so fierce and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddypates
He grinnes and he gapes
As it were Jacke Napes
Such a mad Bedlem
For to rule this realm
It is a wonderous case
That the kinges grace
Is toward him so minded
And so farre blinded
That he can not perceiue

how

How he doth him disceyue
I dought least by Sozsery
Oz such other loselry
As witch craft, oz charming
Foz he is the kinges derling
And his sweete hart rote
It is gouerned by this mad koote
Foz what is a man the better
Foz the kynges letter
Foz he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat much I wonder
How such a hoddy poule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kinges owne hand
And settes not by it a mite
He sayth the kyng doth wryte
And wryteth he wot not what
And yet foz all that
The king his clemency
Dispenseth with his demenesy

But what his grace doth think

I haue no pen nor ynke
That therwith can mel
But wel I can tel
How Fraunces Petrarke
That much noble clerke
Writeth how charlemaine
Could not him felf refrayne
But was rauiſht with a rage
Of a like dotage
But howe that came aboute
Rede ye the ſtory out
And ye ſhal finde ſurely
It was by nicromanſy
By carectes and conjuracion
Under a certayne canſtellacyon
And a certayne fumigacyon
Under a ſtone on a gold ryng
Brought to Charlemain ẏ king
Which conſtrayned him forcebly
For to loue a certaine body
Aboue all other inordinatlye
This is no fable nor no lie
At Acon it was brought to pas

As by mine auctor tried it was
but let mi masters mathematical
Tel you the rest, for me they shal
They haue the ful intelligence
And dare vse the experiens
In there obsolute conscience
To practique such abolete sciens
For I adhor to smatter
Of one so deuillyshe a matter
But I wil make further relaciō
Of this Isagogical collation
How master Gaguine the crow-
Of the feates of war [nicles
That were done in Fraunce,
Maketh remembraunce
How kyng Lewes of Late
Made vp a great estate
Of a pore wretched man
Wherof much care began
Johānes Balua was his name
Mine auctor wryteth the same
Promoted was he
To a Cardinals dignitie

By

By Lewes the kynge aforesayd
With him so wel apayd
That he made hi hys chaunceler
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him liste
Tyl he checked at the fiste
And agayne all reason
Committed open treason
And against his lord souerain
Wherfore he suffred pain
Was heded drawen & quarterd
And dyed stinkingly marterd
¶ Loe yet for all that
He ware a cardinals hat
In him was small fayth
As mine auctor sayth
Not for that I meane
Such a casuelty should be feene
Or suche chaunce should fal
Unto oure Cardinal.
Almightye God I trust
Hathe for him discuste
That of force he muste

Be faythful, true and iuste
To oure moste royal kynge
Cheef rote of his makyng
yet it is a wilye mouse
That cā bylde his dwellig house
Wythin the cattes eare
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nice reconing
To put al the gouernyng
Al the rule of this land
Into one mans hand
One wise mans head
May stand somwhat in stede
But the wittes of many wyse
Much better can deuise
By their circumspection
And their sad direction
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale
Christ kepe king Henry the eight
From trechery and disreight
And graunt him grace to know
The Faucon from the Crow.

The

The wolfe from the Lambe
From whens that mastlike came
Let him neuer confounde
The gentyl greyhound
Of this matter the ground
Is easy to expound
And some maybe perceyued
How the world is conueyed

But harke my frēdes good
In earnest or in bourde
Tel me now in this stede
Is maister Mewtas dead
The kinges frenche secretary
And his vntrue aduersary
For he sent in writing
To fraunces the frenche kinge
Of our masters counsel i euery thing
That was a perilous reckening

Nay nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in ỹ head
that he shal neuer eat more bred

Nowe he is gone to a nother strde
Wyth a Bul vnder lead
By way of commission
To a straunge iurisdiction
Called Dimmges Dale
Farre beyonde portyngale
And hathe his pasporte to pas
Ultra sauro matas
To the deuyls syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Belyal
The deuyls viceare general
And to his colledge conuentuall
As well calodemonial
As to cacademonyal
To purueyfor our Cardinal
A palace pontifical
To kepe his court prouincial
Upon artycles iudiciall
To contend and to strme
For his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make sommons peremtorye
Before some prothonotary

Impe-

Imperiall or papall
Upon this matter mistical
I haue told you part, but not all
Here after perchaunce I shal
Make a larger memorial
And a further rehersall
And make paper I thinke to dist
To the court why I came not
Desiring you about al thing
To kepe you from laughyng
Whan ye fall to reding
Of this wanton scripture
And pray for Mewtas soule
For he is wel past and gone
That wold god euery chone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as wel as he
Amen, amen, say ye
Of your inward charitie.
Amen.

¶ Of your inward charitie.

IT were greate ruthe
For writinge of truthe

Any

Anye manne shoulde be
In perplexitie
Of displeasure
For I make you sure
Where trouth is abhord
It is a playne recorde
That there wantes grace
In whose place
Dothe occupye
Ful vngraciously
Fals flattery
Fals trechery
Fals bryberye
Subtyle Sym Sly
Wyth mad folye
For who can best lye
he is best set by
Than farewell to thee
Welthfull felicitee
For prosperitie
Awaye than wyll flee
Than muste we agree
With poucreye

For misery
With penurye
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hathe made Askry
And oute crye
Folowynge the chase
To dryue away grace
yet sayest thou percase
We can lacke no grace
For my Lordes grace
And my Ladyes grace
With trey deuse ase
And ase in the face
Some haute and some bace
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one case
Marke me that chase
In the Tennis play
For sinke quater trey
Is a tal man
he rod, but we ran
hay the gye and the gan

The grene goose is no swan
The waters waxe wan
And beggers they ban
And they curse dat an
De tribu dan
That thys worke began
Balam, et clam
With Balak and Balam

¶ The golden ram
Of flemmyng dam
Sem, Japheth, or cam:
But how come to pas
Your cupboorde that was
Is turned to glasse
From syluer to brasse
From golde to pewter
Or els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To leade, or Alcumin
I goldsmyth your Mayre
But the chese of your fayre
Might stand now by potters

And

And suche as fel trotters
Pytchars, potshardes
This shrewdly accordes
To be a cupborde for Lordes
My lord now and sir knyghte
Good euen and good nyghte
For nowe sir Tristram
Ye muste weare buckram
Or Canuas of Cane
For sylkes are wane
Our royals that shone
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonyons
And spanyardes Onyons
And the Flanderkyns
Gyl sweates and Cate spinnes
They are happy that wynnes
But Englande maye well say
Fye on this winnyng alway
Now nothing, but pay pay
With laughe and lay downe
Borough, Citie and towne
Good Springe of Lanam

Must

Muſt counte what he came
Of hys clothe makyng
He is at ſuch taking
Though his purſe wax dul
He muſt tax for hys woul
By nature of a new wyt
My Lordes grace nameth it
A quia non ſatisfacit
In the ſpight of his teeth
he muſt pay agayne
A thouſand or twayn
Of his gold in ſtore
And yet he payde before
An hundred pound and more
Which pincheth hym ſore
My Lordes grace will bryng
Downe thys hye ſpryngе
And bryngе it ſo lowe
It ſhal not euer flow

¶ Such a prelate I trowe
Were worthy to row.
Thorowe the ſtreytes Marocke

To

To the gybbet of Baldock
He wold dry vp the ſtreames
Of.ix. kinges realmes
Al riuers and wels
Al waters that ſwels
For with vs he ſo mels
That within England dwels
I wold he were ſomwhere elſe
For elſ by and by
He wyl dryncke vs ſo dry
And ſucke vs ſo nye
That men ſhal ſcantly
Haue penny or halpenny
God ſaue hys noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endleſſe to dwel
With the deuil of hel
For and he were there
We need neuer feare
Of the feendes blake
For I vnder take
He wold ſo brag and crake
That he wold than make

The deuyls to quake
To shudder and to shake
Lyke a fier drake
And with a cole rake
Bruse them on a brake
And binde them to a stake
And let hel on fyre
At his owne desire
He is such a grym syre
And such a potestolate
And such a potestate
That he wold breke the braynes
Of Lucifer in his chaines
And rule them eche one
In Luciferstrone
I would he were gone
For amonge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
With oute all good reason
And all oute of season
For Folam Fealon
With him be not geson
They grow very ranke

Upon

Upon euery bande
Of his herbers greene
With my lady bright and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not al cleen
And it be as I weene

¶ But as touching discretion
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guide
But all must be tryde
And abide the correction
Of him wil ful affection
For as for wytte
The deuil speed whitte
But brainsicke and wayneleſſe
Wytles and reachleſſe
Careles and shameleſſe
Thriftles and graceleſſe
Together are bended
And so condiscended

That the commune welth
Shal neuer haue good helth
But tattered and tugged
Ragged, and rugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare worne
Such gredines
Such nedines
Miserableness
With wretchednes
Hath brought in distres
And much heauines
And great dolour
England the flour
Of reluerent honour
In old commemoracion
Most royal English nacion
Now all is out of facion
Almoste in desolacion
I speake by prophetacion
God of his miseracion
Send better reformacion
Lo for to do shamfully

He iudgeth it no folye
But to write of his shame
He saythe we are to blame
What a frensi is this
No shame to do ainys
And yet he is a shamed
To be shamefully named
And oft prechours be blamed
Bycause they haue proclamed
His madnes by writing
His simplenes resiting
Remording and biting
With chiding and with fitting
Shewyng him goddes lawes
He calleth the preachers dawes.

¶And of holy scriptures sawes
He counteth them for gigawes
And putteth them to scilence
And with wordes of violence
Like Pharao void of grace
Did Moyses soze manase
And Aron soze he thzet

The word of God to let
This maumet in likewise
Agaynst the church doth rise
The preachoure he dothe dispise
With craking in such wise
So bragging all with bost
That no preachour almost
Dare speake for hys life
Of mi lordes grace, nor his wife
For he hath such a bul
He may take whome he wul
And as many as him likes
Mai eat pigges in lent for pikes
After the sectes of heretikes
For in lent he wyl eate
Al maner of flesche meate
That he can any where geat
With other abusions great
Wherof to trete
It wold make the deuil to swete
For all priuileged places
He brekes and defaces
All places of religion

He hath them in derision
And maketh such prouision
To driue them at diuision
And finally in conclusyon
To bring them to confusion
Saynt Albons to recorde
Wherof thys vngracious Lord
Hathe made him self abbot
Against their willes god wot
All this he dothe deale
Under strength of the great seal
And by his legacy
Which madly he doth applye
Unto an extrauagancye
Pyked out of all good law
With reasons that ben raw
yet whan he toke first his hat
he sayd he knew what was what
All iustice he pretended
All thinges should be amended
All wronges he wold redresse
All iniuries he wold repres
All periuries he wold oppresse

And yet this graceles elfe
He is periured him ſelfe
As playnlye it dothe appere
Who liſt to enquere
In the regeſtry
Of my Lord of Cantorbury
To whome he was profeſſed
In thre pointes expreſſed
The firſt to do him reuerence
The ſecōd to owe him obedience
The third with whole affection
To be vnder his ſubiection
But now he maketh obiection
Under the protection
Of the kinges great ſeale
That he ſetteth neuer a deale
By his former othe
whether god be pleaſed or wroth
He maketh ſo proud pretence
That in his equipolens
He iudgeth him equiualent
With God omnipotent
But yet beware the rod

And the stroke of God
The Apostel Peter
Had a poze miter
And a poze cope
Whan he was create Pope
Fyrst in Antioche
He did neuer approche
Of Rome to the see
Wyth such dignitie
Saint dunstan what was he
Nothyng he sayeth like to me
There is a diuersitie
Betwene him and me
We passe hym in degre
As legatus a latere
Ecce sacerdos magnus
That wyll hed vs and hange vs
And straightly strangle vs
That he may ye fang vs
Decre and decretal
Constitucion prouincial
Nor no lawe canonical
Shall let the preest pontifical

to

Tollit in cunctis sanguinis
Nowgod amende that is amis
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whisking rod
The flayle, the scourge
Of almighty God
This Naman Syrus
So fel and so irous
So ful of melancoly
With a flap before his eye
Men wene that he is pocky
Or els his surgions they lye
For as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery
It is manus domini
And yet this proud Antiochus
He is so ambicious
So elate, and so vicious
And so cruel harted
that he wyl not be conuerted
For he setteth God a parte
He is now so ouerthwart
And so payned with panges

that

That al hys truſt hanges
In Balthaſor, which healed
domigos noſe, that was wheled
That Lumberdes noſe mean I
That ſtandeth yet a wry
It was not healed alderbeſt
It ſtãdeth ſomwhat on the weſt
I meane Domingo Lomelyn
That was wonte to win
Muche mony of the king
At the cardes and haſerding
balthaſor ỹ healed domigos noſe
From the puſkilde pocky noſe
now with his gummes of arabye
hath promiſed to hele our cardinals
yet ſm ſurgiõs put a dout (eie
Leſt he wil put it clean out
& make hi lame of his neder lims
god ſẽd hym ſorow for his ſines
Sum mẽ might aſke a queſtion
By whoſe ſuggeſtion
I toke on hand this warke
Thus boldly for to barke

And

And men lyke to harke
And my wordes marke
I wyl answere lyke a clerke
For truly and vnfayned
I am forcebly constrained
At Iuuinals request
To wryght of this glorious gest
Of this vayne glorious beast
His fame to be encreast
At euery solempne feast
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere?
Now master doctour, how say ye
What so euer your name be
What though ye be nameles
ye shal not escape blameles
Nor yet shal scape shameles
Mayster doctor in your degre
your self madly ye ouer see
Blame Iuuinal & blame not me
Maister doctor dirtcum
Omne, animi vicium. &c.
As Iuuinall doth record

A ſmall defaute in a great Lord
A lytle cryme in a greate eſtate
Is muche more inordinate
And more horrible to beholde
Than ani other a thouſand fold
ye put to blame ye wot nere whō
ye may weare a cockes coome
your fōd hed in your furred hood
Hold ye your touge ye cā no good
And at more conuenient time
I may fortune for to rime
Somwhat of your madneſſe
For ſmall is your ſadneſſe
To put any man in lacke
And ſay yll behinde hys backe
And my wordes marke trulye
That ye cannot bide thereby
For Smigma nō eſt ſinamomū
But de abſentibus nil niſi bonū
Complaine or do what ye will
Of your cōplaint it ſhal not ſkil
This is the tenor of my bil
A daucocke ye be, & ſo ſhalbe ſtill

Sequitur

¶ Sequitur epitoma
de morbilloso Thoma
Nec non obsceno
de poliphemo. &c.

Porro perbelle dissimulatum
Illũ pãdulohũ tatum legatũ
Tam formidatũ nuper prelatum
Seu. Namã sirũ nunc elongatũ
Insolitudine iam commoratum
Neapolitano morbo grauatum
Malagmate, cataplasmati statũ
Pharma copoli ferro foratum
Nihilo magis alleuiatum
Nihilo melius aut medicatum
Relictis famulis ad famulatum
Quo tollatur infamia
Sed maior patet insania
A modo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Cretecus
Aptius Dictus. Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus

Graphi-

Graphicus sicut Metricus
Autumat.

HOc genus dictaminis
Non egit examinis
In cētilo quio nec cētimetro
Honorati
Grammatici
Mauri.

Decasticon vitulentum in galeratum, Licaonta marinum. &c
Progh dolor, ecce maris lupus
et nequissimus, vrsus
Carnificis vitulus Britonisque
bubulcus iniqus
Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb
vel Salmana, vel zeb.
Garduus, et crudelis Asaph
que Datan reprobatus
Blandus et Achitophel, regis
scelus omne Britānum
Ecclesias, quinamque Thomas
confundit vbique
Non sacer iste, Thomas

sed

sed duro corde, Goleas
Quem gestat Mulus
sathane caret (obsecro) culus
Fundens Aspaltum (precor)
hunc versum lege cautum
Asperius nichil est misero
Quum surget in altum.

¶ Apostropha an londini ciues (citãto mulum asino aureo galerato) in occursum aguile. &c.

Exitat eu asinus multum
(mirabile, visu
Calcibus O vestro ciues
occurite Asello
Qui regnum regemque regit
qui vestra gubernat
Predia diuitias, nummos
gasas spoliando.

¶ Dixit alludens, immo illudẽs
podo xã de asino aureo galerato.

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Hec vatis ille, de quo loquuntur
mille. Finis.

Imprynted at
London in Poules churchyard at the syne of the Lamb by Abraham Veale.